

and bread and pies the kind your Mother used to make. Speaking of that old fire place, there goes a tradition with it that no young lady of those days was quite fit to get married till she could put a slap-jack on the griddle she held by the long handle, over the fire. A flap-jack or pancake as it is called now, that was eight inches in diameter and a half inch thick in the middle - and when it was baked on one side, give it a throw up the great chimney, run out doors and catch it bottom side up out side in the yard when it came down. I don't vouch for the truth of this tradition, but this I do know that the girls of those times must have had some vigorous exercise for in later days they could wield a slipper to some purpose in places where it would be the most effective and in other ways direct most vigorously the pathway for wayward youth.

These old homes our fathers built are sacred places. In them are rooms hallowed by the faces of grandmother that have smiled down the generations, hallowed, too, by births and weddings and funerals. There are old pieces of furniture--tables and chairs and cupboards, that keep you from forgetting that you were once a boy; old looking glasses that have caught the shadows of faces and forms that were, but are no more; old hair cloth sofas down whose slippery arms you used to slide when a boy, and on whose cushions you lay when the mumps, the chicken pox and the fevers came while over you watched a Mother or grandmother, with home brewed herb tea which said good by to the bitter pills and the Doctors bills. There in the chambers too, are the old feather beds, for which you needed a ladder to get in and a derrick to get out, and which were about the best places in the world for a boy on a winter night, even though the snow blew in and laid an extra counter pane on the bed, white and lace-like and soft as down. Up in the garret are old horse hide trunks, with the hair on and with brass nails driven to make initials and full of old documents that go way back like a genealogy. And there are old pictures hung on a wall in a row, mostly certificates of marriage or documents which certify that this or that member of the family contributed dollars to and was a member of the Baptist Missionary society, - Dollars that went to keep Dr. Judson and Ann Judson and Sarah Judson and Emily Judson, and Gordon Hall and Dr. Kincaid in far away Asia, where they labored in the vineyard of the Lord, and where the end came. Ann Judson found a grave under the hopia tree at Amherst in Burmah, Sarah Judson a grave on the lonely storm swept island of St. Helena and Dr. Judson a resting place some where beneath the wild waves of the Southern seas,